
ANECHO

1939-40

SEPTEMBER-JANUARY ISSUE OF

THE ANECHO

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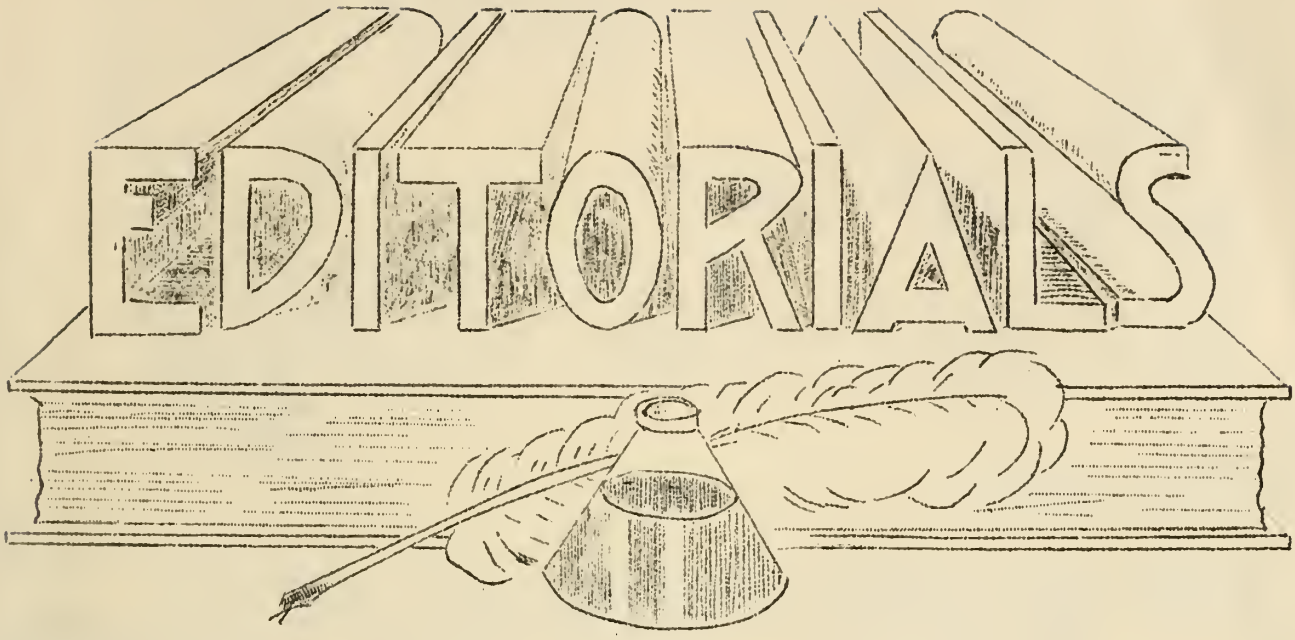

This publication marks the half-way point in our activities - both curricular and extra-curricular. The officers of the first half have retired and the new Executive are now installed in their positions

Of the curricular activites, we may say that they are of a type we have never before experienced. For most of us, school was formerly a place to absorb rather than to expound knowledge. But now, we are made to realize that there is more in a lesson than mere facts, and this realization has awakened in us the appreciation for pedagogical learning.

Of the extra-curricular activities, we can only say, as we feel sure every body of student teachers of the past has said, "Normal School has been a place where sincere social relationships have been enjoyed to the full."

We are gaining experience, much needed experience, in organizing and conducting social activities and sport programs. And we know that we are gaining this experience under the guidance of a very capable group--the Staff of this Normal School.

And now we look forward, forward to four and a half months crowded with interesting and useful experiences, and after that the still greater experience of putting what we have learnt into practice.

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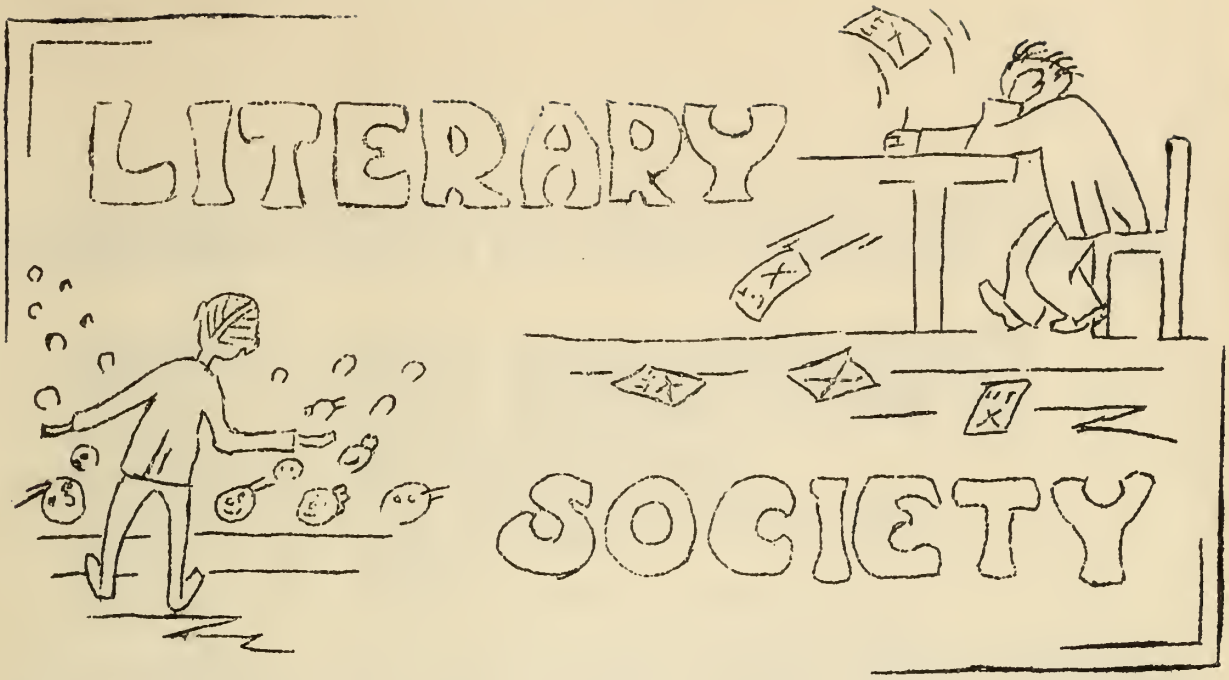


You rushed to the station last September, got aboard the train, bus or boat, wondered what you had forgotten, made sure you had your ticket, took a last look at the dear "home town" . . . for what?

You rushed to your new home in this beautiful City of Sunshine (?) wondering what would be for supper, how many drawers you would have to stow things in, if you would have to help with the dishes, and if there would be a radio . . . . for what?

You rushed up the stairs of the Normal School, wondered what the teachers would be like, how many students there would be, how you were going to figure out the time-table puzzle and how you would keep track of your locker key, if the lockers had keys. . . for what?

You rushed from class-room to class-room, wondering if you were supposed to have a text for the subject, if you should take notes, and when the first examination would be . . . . for what?

You rushed to the auditorium that first Friday afternoon of the term, equipped with the supreme intelligence rumoured to be present in a selected group and aided by a "dispensation of Providence" . . . . you did what?

Why you solemnly chose the Society Executives for 1939!

President . . . . . Harold Parrott
Vice-President. . . Adela Smith
Secretary . . . . . Lillian Walker

Class Representatives - Class A: . . . Frances Smith
Class B: . Heather Pottinger
Class C: . . . . Rosa Stewart
Class D: . . . . Ivan Mouat

These people have tried to live up to your confidence in them. The highlights of some of the programmes of the Fall Term have been:

September	29:	Talk on Russia by Leonide Ignatieff
October	6:	Talk on Denmark by Moireen Hilton
October	13:	Skit by Rosa Stewart and Helen Aho
November	3:	Quiz Programme
November	10:	Mock Musical Festival
November	17:	Play directed by Cicely Holmes
January	5:	Quiz Programme
January	12:	Debate
January	19:	Play directed by Robert Cail

In addition to the above we have had each week a resume of the news, presented by one of the student body and several others have delighted us with musical numbers. To all who have contributed in any way the Executive wishes to express their thanks.

TO THE PRESIDENT

I would like to take this opportunity of wishing the new president of the Literary Society every success. Also I would like to thank the retiring executive for the way they co-operated with me, and the student body for the suggestions I received from them.

It is no easy matter to produce a weekly Friday performance that "smacks" of variety. But I feel certain that again with the support of the School the "new" President will cherish the memories of his term of office for many years. It was an experience which I am very thankful to have had.

Every "ship" has its stormy weather, but when it has finally been brought to port it leaves a memory of having accomplished something. It leaves the "captain" with a feeling of satisfaction, a feeling that he has at least done something! And so to the incoming President I say with all sincerity "Bon Voyage!"

- Harold Parrott.

"O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts
And Men have lost their reason."

Shakespeare.

Twenty-five years ago, Norman Angell wrote "The Great Illusion". The dominant idea of the book is that war no longer pays; that in complicated mechanism of modern civilization, war is a barbarous relic of the Dark Ages which we cannot possibly afford to tolerate. But warning voice spoke unheeded. Then, as now, men preferred instinct to reason: the way of the beasts to the way of man. The publication of the book was closely followed by the worst example of madness which had yet been produced by the human race - the first Great War, and now, twenty years after this holocaust which slew millions by arms and millions more by famine and disease, we are engaged in the second of this "Great" series. It will ever be thus while we take for our guidance not men who follow reason and judgment, but those who follow instincts and emotions. If we follow the better path of man, we shall climb ever higher; if we follow the path of the beasts, we shall sink into the Slough of Despond.

When at rest in an arm chair after a hard day, it is amusing and satisfying to some people to pick the thoughts of other brains. Thus, many have read of ideas which repeat that the individual is nothing and the state is everything, an everything to which would be sacrificed the well-being of all the individuals who compose it. We may feel that people who hear, discuss and express such senseless and useless thoughts should be allowed to do so, while they do not harm others. But these ideas must be suppressed when they result in mass murder, in destruction of countless homes and families, in national debts which can never be paid, perhaps even in the death of civilization itself.

It is a question whether we feel greatly relieved when we perceive the similarity between this thought and that of a very small boy, who, with much less learning, but with equal conviction, stands upon a box and does his utmost to keep other small boys from dragging him down. The philosophy he expresses is simple: "I am the king of the castle" - or in more modern speech, "I am the leader of the state" - and it requires no learned scholar to follow the argument. Cause for wonder is that most scholars would turn from this sight with no more than an indulgent smile, while they follow with rapt attention the Neitzscheian arguments that the only real value is force. Why? Probably because the arguments of Neitzsche are lengthy and skilfully worded, while those of the small boy are short, simple and, therefore, boring to all except to other small boys who are interested in the capture of the castle. We do not allow children to break up our valued

possessions and there seems to be no weightier reason for allowing others who are children in fact, if not in name, to destroy a civilization which adult minds have built through the ages with unremitting thought and toil. To city dwellers, wrapt round on every side by the complications and intricacies of human progress, it becomes, sometimes, fatally easy to desire the way of nature and to declare that the way of reason is the way of sterility and death, while the way of life lies in following the instincts; but the sane mind is prevented from changing its course by the knowledge that progress results from the supreme gift with which only man is endowed - human reason.

Let us close our ears and blind our eyes to those bitter fools who seek to avenge their own private failures and consequent hatred of mankind by establishing a creed which places our progress to the credit of force, until that force and that enmity come to dominate, not merely their own countries, but also ours. Let us never thrust from us the instrument which has raised so far above the level of the beasts - Reason.

L. Ignatieff.

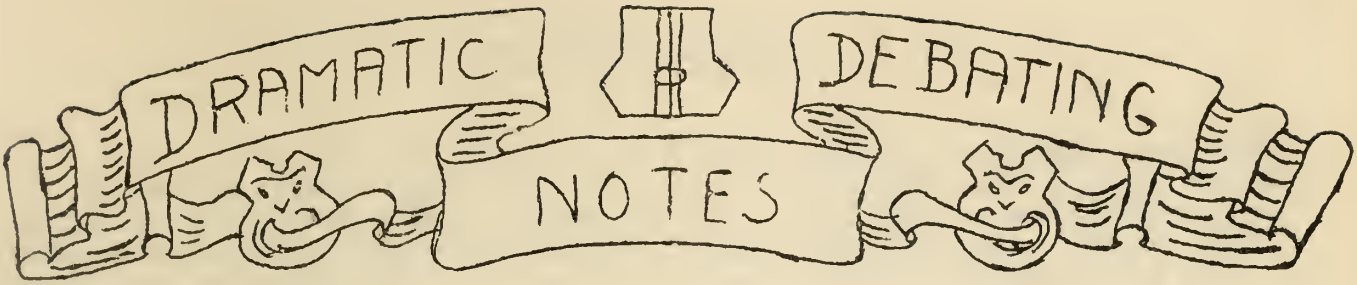
--------oOo--------

After a great deal of research on the subject of woman, a well known scientist reached the following analysis:

Woman: An element (in every man's life.)
Symbol W: (Same as tungsten which is noted for its hardness)
Occurrence: Can be found wherever man exists, seldom found in the free state.
Physical Properties: All sizes and shapes. Crystal-like in form. Very dense. Generally covered by a film of powder and coat of paint.
Chemical Properties: Has a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and all precious stones. Can absorb all kinds of expensive foods. Sometimes turn green when placed near better looking specimens. Highly explosive and very dangerous in inexperienced hands. Violent reaction when left alone by man. Burns up, but cannot support combustion.

To which a jury of women replied -

Man: An uncertain quantity of unknown quality.
Symbol: M - as in mercury, -- volatile.
Occurrence: "Of the earth, earthy."
Physical Properties: Shallow, mostly dull, generally of knobby appearance, hirsute and often covered with a coat of grime, exuding nicotine in one of its forms.
Chemical properties: Marked affinity for L.S.D. and food. Much disturbed by presence of complementary specimens--high vanity voltage, activity low, resistence to all forms of energy, high.



At the general assembly of the Student Body on September 15, 1939, the following students were elected to form the executive of the Dramatic and Debating Society:

President . . . . . Robert Cail
Vice-President . . Cicely Holmes
Secretary . . . Dorothy McDowell

Class Representatives -

Class A . . . . Frances Steer
Class B . . . . Doreen Duncan
Class C . . . . Dorothy Apsey
Class D . . . . Robert Fleming

The attention of the Society has been focused chiefly now on the production of one-act plays, three of which have already been presented, two during the meetings of the Literary Society and the remaining one at the Christmas Concert. There were "The Red Dress" directed by Suzanne Butler, "Thirty Minutes in a Street" - directed by Cicely Holmes, and "Brothers-in-Arms" - directed by Robert Cail. Three plays, directed by Leonide Ignatieff, Bruce Mickleburgh, and Alan Batey, are now in preparation for Spring performances.

No public or outside debates have been held so far, but plans are well under way for a debate with Vancouver Normal School on February 23, 1940; and debates with the Y.M.C.A. and Victoria College are anticipated.

The Society's plans for the future include the presentation of a long play in scenes, more short plays, and the sponsoring of a school activity.

The Society wishes to express its regret over the loss of one of its most active members, Miss Cicely Holmes, who has left to take up a matrimonial rôle.

- D. McDowell.

THE EIGHTH WONDER

"I'd love to visit your Normal School, and just see what it is really like." And that is how it happened that I took Tuesday off, to show my girl friend around the school. We decided to start our tour on the top floor and work our way down. Why? Because we had always been taught to start from the bottom and work our way up.

My friend is very keen on Science and asked to be shown our Science Room first. Then it started! I was never asked so many "scientific" questions in all my life. I thought quickly, a light dawned, and I said, "Why Mary, you don't mean to tell me that you don't know the answers to those simple questions. Come now, do you realize that these exhibits are for Grades four, five and six?" Well, sir, it worked. Mary didn't ask any more questions. For a while she was like a typical Normal student, preferring to hide rather than make a display of her ignorance. But imagine! She got through her Senior Matriculation and she does not even know that elementary Science! What is wrong with our system of education?

We left the laboratory and started to make our way down the hallway. Suddenly Mary stopped and asked "Is that the room where they are giving the vaccinations?"

"No-o, they are not giving any to-day. Say, what made you think that, Mary?" She looked puzzled.

"What is that terrible groaning that I hear?" I listened. Yes, it was a bit like a groan--if you didn' have an ear for music, and Mary hasn't. Then I explained to her that it was Class "C" having their music lesson.

"Class "C", what are they?" She asked.

"They are the girls which make up Class "C". This Class is the eighth wonder of the world, because it is a wonder they ever got into such an institution as this!"

Just then the door of the music room flew open. Out dashed a terrified girl, her auburn hair standing on end. "Quick! Get a doctor, call an ambulance, help!!"

I quieted Miss Stewart and asked why she was so anxious to get a doctor. "Well," She gulped, "we all sang on the same key and now Mr. Wickett has fainted. Quick! Get the doctor!"

The music room for the next few minutes was a madhouse. Every member of that class was applying whatever first aid she had ever learned. Miss Laidman stood holding the victim's feet in the air, while Miss Morrison fanned his brow with her manuscript book (the first time she had used it.) Miss Apsey ran out and came back with some water. Just as the patient was about to be revived, Miss Smith snatched the glass from Miss Apsey's hand. It seems that Miss Apsey had taken the glass of water from the Science Room. Unfortunately, this was Miss Smith's exhibit demonstrating the principle of straw.

Thanks to the wonderful spirit of co-operation in this class, Mr. Wickett was revived within thirty minutes. It just shows you what can be done, when every member of the class takes part.

The excitement over, we started once more to go down the hall. The door of room 5 was open and we peeked in. Yes, there was the eighth wonder again. They were calling the roll. Miss Fiddick was in charge and had just reached row two. In that row sat Miss Morrison, Miss G. Nelson, Miss R. Nelson, Miss Perron and Miss Small. Strange, Miss Fiddick was not calling these names, instead she called, "Canoe, Ladysmith, Trail, Kelowna and Burns Lake." Just then the changing bell rang. Miss Fiddick glanced at her register, four rows to go. Taking her pen she quickly filled the column with crosses and yelled, "--Burns Lake and all points East!"

Mary said that she felt she had seen enough on that floor. We had, and for this reason we slid down the banister to the main floor. I stopped to look into the Library, but there was no one there. By this time, Mary was down at the Auditorium. "Quick, come here," she called. "Look, there is that eighth wonder having physical education." P.T. in the Auditorium? I was interested and took a good look. I had to admit that it did look like a gymnasium class, but it was not. It was only C Class having Choral Reading and they were establishing their centres. We watched for fifteen minutes and then left. For all I know, they may still be there trying to establish that elusive thing called a centre.

-------ooOoo-------

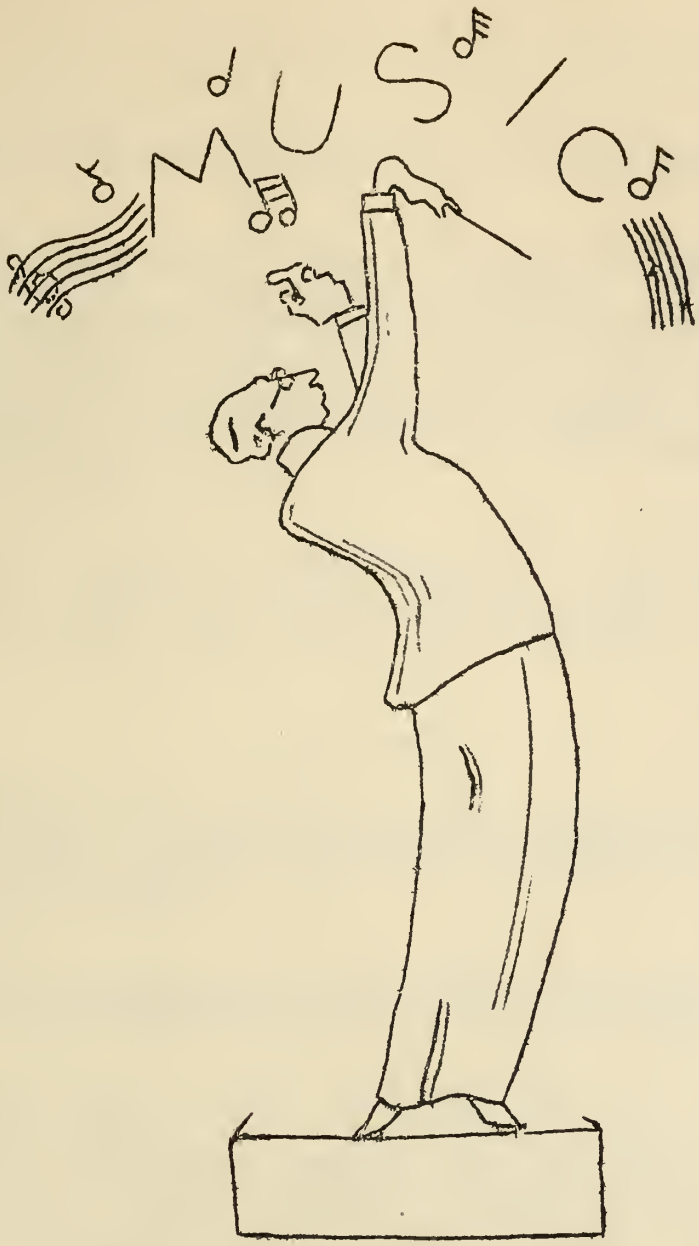
- Helen M. Aho.

A Normal Student, thinking he would soon need a razor wrote a firm selling them for ninety-nine cents:--

"Please send me one of your razors for which I enclose a P.O. Note for Ninety-nine Cents. P.S. I have forgotten to enclose the Ninety-nine Cents, but no doubt a firm of your reputation will send one."

The firm wrote back:--

"We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed order and have pleasure in sending the razor which we trust you will like. P.S. We have forgotten to send the razor, but no doubt a fellow with your cheek won't need one."



THE NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

This year the Normal School was able to organize the largest orchestra in its history. Under the leadership of Mr. Wickett, the orchestra enjoyed a very successful term. Before Christmas it played before the School at two programmes directed by the Literary Society, and was enthusiastically received by the student body. The orchestra is now practising for future programmes. Weekly practices, conducted by Mr. Wickett, are held at the noon hour in the auditorium, and after school, when Mr. Gough, who has kindly offered to conduct in the absence of Mr. Wickett, wielded the baton. The music played is of a light classical nature.

The orchestra is composed of a fine string section, and is augmented by a number of wind instruments. Although it lacks the

foundation of the bass instruments, it is carrying on well without them.

The personnel of the orchestra includes the following: Mr. Joe Bianco, Mr. George Hardwick and Mr. James Robson, first violin; Miss Adelaide Thompson and Miss Lillian Walker, second violin; Mr. Roy Blodgett, third violin; Miss Jean Beasom, viola; Miss Mavis Dunsmore, violincello; Mr. John Gough, flute; Mr. Michael White, clarinet; Mr. Robert Fleming, trombone; Miss Betty Muncy, piano, and Mr. Wickett, conductor. In all, there are thirteen members -- but plenty of luck!

Feeling that we should not blow too heavily on our horns, nevertheless, I might say that members of the faculty have confided in me the fact that they "have awaited for many years such a fine aggregation of material as we have this year."

-- Robert Fleming.

-------oOo-------

Through the kindness of Mr. Wickett and of our classmates we were fortunate enough to attend the Community Concert, held at the Empress Hotel last November. Here Lucy Monroe, famous American soprano, was presented.

Miss Monroe, as you may know, has appeared as guest star on many radio programmes and is a great favourite of the radio audience. In 1937, she made her Metropolitan début.

The singer looked very charming in a dress of white net studded with sequins, as she graciously accepted the applause of the audience. Miss Monroe opened the programme with Handel's "Alma Mia" (My Soul). This was followed by Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," "Il Bacio" (Arditi), "Fantoches" (Debussy), "Waltz from Romeo et Juliette" (Gounod), "Snowflakes" (Gretchaninoff), "Musetta's Waltz Song" from La Bohême, (Puccini), and a very popular composition by Johann Strauss, "Souvenir Waltz".

The personality of the artist was evinced in her charming, but carefree and lively manner, and she was called back many times. Among her encores, which were appropriately selected, were "Comin' Through the Rye" (for the benefit of the Scotch in the audience). Cyril Scott's "Don't Come in Sir, Please," "Mary and the Kitten" (Bryan) and Victor Herbert's "Italian Street Song."

Four piano solos were rendered by Mr. Bristol, the accompanist for the evening. These were "Suite in C Major" (Poulenc), "Poissons d'Or" (Debussy), "Viennese Waltz" (Freedmann-Gartner), and the "Ritual Fire Dance," all of which portrayed the artist's fine ability very well.

To those who will have the opportunity of attending similar concerts in future, we sincerely hope that they will enjoy them as much as we enjoyed this one.

- The Fortunate Students.

Students who attended -

June Wiggin
Eileen Neal
Lucia Guidi
Barbara Boyd
Michael White

-------oOo-------

EVENING WATERS

Silent and still I watched the glimmer,
The ripples and the silv'ry strands
The gold tipped frills of water,
Touched by evening's yellow moon.

They were so gentle and so bright
Rippling away with laughing joy;
They curled and tumbled silently
Into shadowed twilight beams.

I saw their graceful dance of joy
With rhythm swinging to and fro-
To silvery tuned melodies
That lift their starry pointed heads.

Laughing quietly as they moved
With harmony sweet and clear,
The twinkling stars and yellow moon
Reflected there in matchless grace
To slumber swept away.

Lucia Guidi.

DURING TEACHING WEEK

Small girl to student teacher: "Please teacher, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

- Rubymay Brown.

TIME-TABLE FOR CLASS "A"

Music Appreciation

"Sometimes B#
Never B♭
Always B

Primary Numberwork
Problem

1. Write down the number of your house.
2. Double it.
3. Add 5.
4. Multiply by 50.
5. Add the year (1940).
6. Add the number of days in the year (365).
7. Subtract the number of seats in the British House of Parliament (615).
8. Subtract the year of your birth.

Answer: will be the number of your house and your age.

Speech Training

"One of those parties where you cough twice before you speak and then decide not to say it after all." - (P.G. Wodehouse)

Health

Social Studies

From Germany: A Jew writes to a friend abroad:-- "We have a marvelous life under Hitler. Not a hair of the head of a Jew has been harmed. Atrocity stories abroad are lies. Uncle Max, who expressed the opposite opinion, was buried last week."

- (John Gunther ..."Inside Europe".)

Science

Electricity is something that starts, no one knows where, and ends in the same place. It is 1/36 of a second faster on its feet than its nearest competitor, backyard gossip. Nobody knows exactly what it is because it has never stood still long enough.

Psychology

Little Jimmy had been to school for the first time and mother wanted to know all about it. "Well Jimmy," she said, "and how did you get on?"

"Oh, it was quite all right, but I didn't get the present."

"Present? What present, Jimmy?"

"Well, teacher said to me, 'Sit there for the present,' and I sat there all the morning, but I didn't get it."

Nutrition

"Take a little dash of water cold,
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then as your prime ingredient
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whif of play,
Let the wise old Book and a look above
Complete a well made day."

- Faye Smith.

--------ooOoo--------

VOLCANIC MUTTERINGS

Teacher: "What do we say a volcano does when it becomes active?"
Small Boy: "It interrupts."
Teacher: "What comes out of a volcano when it erupts?"
Very Small Girl: "Saliva."

CLASS "A"

"Contributions" is, recently a word of renown,
Written on boards, upstairs and down;
It seems there's a paper, "Anecho" by name,
Calling for some sorts of effort for same.

Seeing the poster, just at a glance,
I saw that Class "A" hadn't a chance
Of rating anything higher than zero,
Which burnt me up like Rome under Nero.

If the Anecho is liberal and not TOO proud,
This wee small space I hope I'm allowed
To write you about the Class which is bound
To make some sort of teachers, feeble or sound.

Speaking of sizes - we've got them all,
Fat and short, or thin and tall.
Some do their studies and others don't,
Some of them can't and others won't.

The next of these verses will sum up for you,
Just what Class "A" is and what they can do.
It's hard to believe but yet it's true,
Believe it or not--it's up to you.

C-- stands for chatter, clang and classy,
L-- stands for laughter from every lassy.
A-- stands for attitudes, aims and ambitions,
S-- stands for sweetness, swank and suspicions.
S-- repeats its partner before.

A-- for Class "A" for evermore.

Thank you, dear Editor, for the space I've taken,
I hope this poem will the thought awaken
That Class "A" is trying its very best,
To contribute its poems along with the rest.

- Jean H. Rattray.

-------ooOoo-------

Ode to Spring: The time when farmers and golfers start their Spring plowing.

The Social Committee, headed by Miss Rubymay Brown, with generous assistance from Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Gough of the Staff, has been responsible for two outstanding and highly enjoyable social events during the past term.

First of these was the very successful opening dance, which took place November 3, 1939. Previous to the dance, Mr. Harry Ferne and Committee arranged invitations for numerous guests, including critic-teachers, members of the Staff and their families and friends of the students. Miss Jean Laidman, with the assistance of the students, was responsible for the gay decorations carried out in a scheme of leaves, balloons and crepe paper in many autumn shades - proving a delightful setting for a very successful program. Len Acres' Orchestra supplied the music for the dancing, including novelty and popular numbers, arranged under the charge of Mr. Jack Drummond. No less outstanding were the appetizing refreshments, arranged and prepared by Miss Doreen Watson and company - not to mention a certain, shall we say, nut-loaf. In keeping with the prevalent autumn theme, the tables were centred with an arresting profusion of autumn fruit, making an extremely attractive and inviting spread.

The second event was the Annual Christmas Party, which was held on the night of December 14th, and to which only the students and Faculty were invited. It commenced with a program of games, under the direction of Ernest Hatch, followed by the splendid rendition of two solos by Mr. Dudley Wickett, son of our own beloved music magician. Miss Rosa Stewart and Miss Helen Aho then completely captivated the audience by their performance of another skit, composed entirely by themselves, and based on the results of those terrifying "Christmas Examinations."

Mr. Clifford Pincott as Santa Claus, or the "Man with the Dropping Cushions," then gave everyone present a small token from under the Christmas tree. Supper was served "a la Dr. Denton," and consisted of pie, cheese, whipped cream, doughnuts, and coffee. Mr. Clyde Kennedy presided in his usual enjoyable manner. To conclude a really fine evening, an hour's dancing in the auditorium was enjoyed by everyone, especially Mr. Frank Hollins' interpretation of the classical dance - "Vox Ka Pop!"

The Social Convener, Miss Rubymay Brown, would like to thank all those who assisted her in the preparation for these events, especially Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Gough.

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CLASS TEAS

It is customary for each of the women's classes to give a tea sometime during the school year.

Under the convenership of Miss Frances Steer, assisted by Miss Iris Noel, the members of Class A held their Fall Tea on November 23, 1939. Invited guests included the mothers of those students resident in the city and the ladies of the Faculty. Dr. Anderson and Miss James presided over the beautifully appointed tea table, centred with mauve chrysanthemums flanked on either side by yellow candles.

Class B also had its tea last term. The class was divided, half being hostesses, half being guests. In addition to these "guests" we invited the Staff. (We sincerely hope the Staff did not mind being social guinea pigs.) Dr. Anderson and Miss Hinton graciously assisted us by presiding at the urns. The lace-covered table was fittingly decorated with fall flowers and candles. The food was prepared entirely by the class - both "guests" and "hostesses". As it was not intended to be a gala event, the tea was a success, a pleasant afternoon, another part of our Normal training completed.

Class C held their afternoon tea during November. The members of the Faculty and their wives were invited. Half of the class acted as serviteurs and hostesses, while the remaining half were guests. The table was decorated with a centre-piece consisting of massed yellow chrysanthemums and tall tapering candles. Presiding at the urns were Mrs. Reese Burns and Mrs. Murphy, who graciously assisted the hostesses.

HOW TO "GET THROUGH" NORMAL IN ONE EASY LESSON

(The following is an excerpt from a letter of advice sent to a student now in attendance here:--

1. Belong to everything - I repeat in capital letters BELONG TO EVERYTHING. Time? you ask. This is the greatest possible time-saver. You never have to attend a meeting of the Sketch Club, because you recall that you promised to attend the Choir practice. You don't attend the Choir practice because you are a close relation of Professor Sepia, who is lecturing on your speciality: "Tints and Hues in relation to Hues and Tints." The Taxidermy Club is looked after by the fact that you are attending an Elocution Class or committee meetings re school Annual and Dance, or First Aid classes, home nursing classes, basketball practice, or the Dramatic Club, the Play-reading Society, the Shakespearean Society or the Burns Club.

2. Have a disease - sinus, for preference. Never be obtrusive about it, of course. . . . this type of thing: "I regret, Sir, that I shall be unable to complete last night's Geography assignment until this evening - bit of sinus, y' know, nothing at all, of course, just a trifle inconvenient." Try this on at least three people - you will find a very sympathetic attitude develop toward you from everybody, except the Mathematics man, who, of course, can not be expected to be human.

3. Belong to at least SIX charitable organizations CONFLICTING WITH SCHOOL ROUTINE: Be excused for an afternoon because you are on duty at the nose-wiping depot for lost Oriental children at the local Flower Show. Have the whole school bring in broken toys to be shipped to destitute Chinese, etc.

4. BE AN ENTHUSIAST, a modified "crank" - have a speciality, a hobby - collect amoebae, moss, or troglodytes. You may be invited to give a talk on the subject, but at the worst you can always drop into the Public Library for a couple of hours.

5. BE DISTINCTIVE: clothing is the most facile medium; the modus operandi will depend, of course, on the status financial, but it will never be found impossible. You might specialize in jackets, having a different one for each day of the week. Before the first week is up you will have a reputation for owning a hundred of the best.

- L. Ignatieff.

WINTER

Have you ever seen my lady
Upon her crystal stair?
Winter in her glorious splendour
With diamonds in her hair.

Skipping over fields once green,
In a misty morning gown,
Decking it with sparkling dots
Of the whitest down?

Cheering brooklet on his course,
Hushing streamlets in their trills,
Dancing in the twilight eerie
Over silent hills?

Have you ever seen my lady,
With her soft and gleamy eyes,
Combing out her dusky tresses
From the clear blue skies?

- Lucia Guidi.

--------ooOoo--------

INLAND THOUGHTS

O Sea, dark, menacing, divine,
Pathway of kings, I long for you,
You greenish glory; salty brine
Long ages old, built up of blue,
And grey, and colour of fine opals.
Home of a million stars in sunlight,
Black, heaving, in the night.

- Suzanne Butler.

SOME ANTECEDENTS

An interviewer went to the elder Dumas, famous novelist with this question:

"You are an octoroon, I believe, Mr. Dumas?"
"Certainly," answered the novelist.
"And your father?"
"He was a quadroon, naturally."
"And his father?"
"A mulatto, sir, a mulatto."
"And his father?"
"A negro, of course!"
"Might I ask what his father was?"
"An ape, sir!" roared Dumas. "My pedigree ends where your begins."

MANITOBA

The prairie - Manitoba - two words synonymous to most Islanders with frigid zones and barren lands, mud roads and barbed wire fences. Such a travesty of truth! These things are legendary, even as is six months light and six months dark for the Eskimos. But what is one to believe when even the people who have come from there perpetrate this falsehood? Why have these people come here? For one of two reasons - either to spend their old age in a more moderate climate, or to earn a livelihood under easier conditions; for Manitoba demands of its sons hard work and incessant toil - it is not a land for weaklings or old people.

True, Manitoba is cold in the winter; it is hot in the summer. I have been there when the temperature has been fifty degrees below zero for a period of five weeks; I have been there when the thermometer has registered one hundred and thirty-four degrees above zero. These instances, fortunately, are the exception, and not the rule; but it is necessarily a province of extremes because of its geographical location, and does not aspire to compete with such more favoured areas as Vancouver Island! Nevertheless, even as the mountains, the northern wastes, or the seas have a lure to them, so, too, has the prairie. No one who has lived there would deny that there is something about the rolling prairie that "gets" you.

In the summer there is nowhere a more beautiful spot in Canada. The wild flowers far and away surpass any British Columbia has to offer. The deciduous trees - box elders and poplars - are far more lovely than a mountainside covered with fir or pine. A field of grain waving under the breeze is far more beautiful than a white-capped sea; but the crowning glory of Manitoba's beauty is its glorious sunsets. Nowhere else on the continent are they surpassed - the beauty of line and vividness of coloring blend to make them an unforgettable sight. In the summer one can see to read by the afterglow until nearly ten o'clock in the evening.

The beauty of Manitoba's forest lands is far too little known, for the province, north of Winnipeg, and especially between the lakes, is well wooded. To take a jaunt in a coniferous forest is a difficult task, as you cannot penetrate far through the maze of underbrush and needles. But in Manitoba, the trees, which are entirely deciduous, do not branch out until eight or ten feet from the ground, and there is comparatively little underbrush. What little underbrush there is, is entirely wild fruits or nut trees, both of which are to be found in great quantity.

Remember the poet, Trotter's, words -

"When the wind goes through the poplars and blows them silver white,
The wonder of the universe is flashed before my sight:
I see immortal visions; I know a god's delight."

You cannot credit such a statement until you have seen the poplars - their graceful form, their silver bark, their beautifully-shaped leaves. The rain is scarce enough, to permit only a few trees in comparison to British Columbia forests, but grass carpets the ground everywhere and winding paths go running through the grass. One need not be afraid of a bear in the bush there - only the odd skunk ambling about, or a bee's nest suspended from a berry bush.

The poplar tree is the main fuel of this part of the province, and the berries of the wild bushes are the main fruit supply of the Manitoba farmer's wife. There are ever so many:-- saskatoons, pin-cherries, raspberries, cranberries, and choke-cherries; and the smaller fruits - dew berries, strawberries, and sand cherries. All of these are used to make preserves or jam by the housewife, who is of necessity thrifty. There are many nut bushes of the hazel variety, which are gathered every fall by the bushel - a part of the harvesting delegated to the children.

Then there is the wild rose. Such a rose! No British Columbia rose can approach it in either size or richness of color. They grow best in deep shade, hiding their deep blushes from the casual passer-by. Another beauty of the Manitoba wood, although it grows best in a dis-used meadow, is the wolf-willow. This shrub, which has a silvery leaf, only grows four or five feet high, but in the spring when it blooms the odor is no less than exotic--like some oriental perfume. Still another oddity is the shrub called "bread and cheese" whose leaves really do taste like bread and cheese. When we were children, well do I remember gorging on them many a day. It was then our mothers praised the Lord for the iron stomachs of little children.

The flowers are far too numerous to begin to mention all of them, but nothing strikes the visitor more forcibly than their number and beauty. Before the snow is off the ground, the buttercups appear, and the cowslips follow soon. The yellow and pink crocuses are so common as to go unheeded; the wood-violets sometimes grow to six inches in height, and are as often yellow or white as they are purple. Then come daisies, bleeding-heart, bluebells, star-grasses, black-eyed susans, and many more. In the fall the yellow and pink lady slippers are lovely - so dainty! These flowers are orchids, and the pink species being very rare, makes them very much sought after by florists. The tiger lilies are so stately, and sometimes there are up to eight flaming red flowers on one stalk.

In the spring the land is beautiful; in the summer, perhaps a trifle warm, but always cool at night; in the fall when the rains and winds begin, not so pleasant, for after all Manitoba is Manitoba, and mud roads are mud roads! After the full transition has been made to winter, however, the beauty returns. Can there be a more memorable experience than to ride in a cutter on a winter night, to the jingle of sleigh bells, with a full moon shining

down on the snow and making the fields sparkle like a million diamonds? Can there be a more awe-inspiring sight than a country blanketed in snow - snow as undefiled as it fell, and the trees all supporting a little column of snow on each branch? And what more terrible in its majesty than a real blizzard? Then the old fire-place, or kitchen nook is a welcome haven around which the whole family gathers to read or pop corn; for on the prairie there is little social life in the winter, and so the story hour is often still found; the family is still a sacred group; the Bible is still read.

There are those who scoff at farmers, and their mode of living, and relate jokes about their incessant grumbling; but woe betide those same people when the farmer comes into his own! A farmer's life is a dull, unending round of hard work year in and year out, with little of this world's goods to repay him - or so it seems to the casual observer. Many farm of necessity - you can get by there with a modicum of grey-matter; but to make a really successful farmer requires a man of no mean ability - a blacksmith, tinker, shoemaker, chemist, biologist and gambler all rolled into one. Perhaps the reason that the ordinary farmer is in the predicament he is to-day, is that he does not measure up to those standards - is uneducated, and, in the mass unorganized. But the average farmer is not looking for goods of this world beyond his immediate needs - he takes pride in tilling his soil, in seeing things grow; and, wise man that he is, he knows that money is not all there is to be had out of life. The prairie farmer shares the simple joy of his French Canadian brother and his chief aim is to till the soil and see things grow -"labourer la terre." Many of them are deep philosophers; for they have time to do much thinking and reasoning when riding up and down a one-half mile field behind four horses and a plow!

British Columbia has the vigour and virility of a Viking warrior; Manitoba has all the moods of a beautiful woman.

- Robert E.M. Cail.

-------ooOoo-------

When in America, Dr. Wu Ting-Fan, the Grand Old Man of the diplomatic service was questioned sweetly by an American:

"What 'nese' are you? -- Japanese, Javanese or Chinese?"

Replying that he was Chinese, he asked in turn: "And what 'kee' are you? -- monkey, donkey or Yankee?"

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Place - Corner of Yates and Douglas Streets, Victoria, B.C.
Time - February, 1950.
Setting - Raining (as usual).
Characters - Two people who graduated (we hope) from Provincial Normal School in 1940. They are waiting for a No. 10 Mt. Tolmie Street Car.

First Person Speaks - Do you remember how we used to run for this car every morning? To think that ten years have gone by since then. Here it is (both step into car) and I'd say it was still the same car by the noise and rattle.

Second Person Speaks - I wouldn't be at all surprised. But even so, those days were fun. Do you ever hear of any of the old students?

First Person - Oh yes, it was only the other day that I saw Mrs. Kennedy in town and she was giving me news of some of them. She was saying that Rubymay Brown had been ill, poor girl. They think it was the Victoria climate she missed - and Rosa Stewart, too. But she had some kind of voice complaint, trying to locate "fah".

Second Person - How very sad! But that would please Johnny Lidstone, the boy who alwasy groaned about the "wretched females" in the auditorium. By the way, he is not teaching any more. He gave it up to do cartooning for the "Nelson Star". Nelson - that was the home of Mr. Fleming, the man with the perfect pitch, and the place where they lived on both sides of the lake, wasn't it?

First Person - Yes, I believe so. I got a letter the other day from Adela Smith. You remember those Smith girls, "H" and "A"? Well, she was telling me that Harold Parrott, the boy who used to tell the funny stories at the Literary Meetings, is now Professor of History at Saskatoon, and Mickleburgh, the one who wore the ties, is leader of the Russian Communist Party.

Second Person - Who would have thought he would come to that. But then, there is Miss Laidman, such a nice girl, and she has taken up Ghandi's cause in India. Oh, there is Molly Brown's house, the black one, and the twins in the front yard. Molly Holmes that was, you know.

First Person - Oh, is it! A lot of the girls are married now. Joyce Maidment, the soprano, got an M.P. and Eva McCormick is married to a minister up in Dawson City. Quite a few of the men are married, too. Mr. Ignatieff married that movie star, Hedy Jones. He always did seek after the beautiful. And the Englishman - the tall one - I can't remember his name, but I heard he married someone who won a cooking contest.

Second Person - How funny! I often wonder where they all are now. Oh, look! There is Mr. Drummond. He left teaching to try to find Leo an explanation as to why you can't plant seeds upside down and he is still working on it. I must leave you now - here is my corner. The chat has been interesting. I wonder if anybody ever wonders what has become of us.

Good-night.

- Noel Deans.

--------ooOoo-------

"THE GRADES"

The student on top always worries and frets,
He has no time for parties or play,
He spends all night with the midnight oil,
Oh! What a life for an "A".

The "B" student lives in an uneasy state,
He worries each hour of the day
For he shudders to think of getting a "C"
And he works, oh so hard for an "A".

Down at the bottom in misery and dread is
Is the one who shakes at the knees
He is ever warding grim failure off
And is just sliding through on "D's".

Lastly let's turn to the grand side of life
Where good-times and fair marks are made
Live, love and laugh and remember a "C"
Is always the logical grade.

- James H. Panton.

English student:

Indicative: "Tom is sick."
Interrogative: "Is Tom sick?"
Imperative: "Sic 'em, Tom!"

" 'S funny. It never repeats itself to me," said the student, as he pored over his history.

EN ROUTE TO THE INTERIOR

"Land of Hope and Glory" floated on sea breezes to the ears of interior normal students as they were bade a final adieu by the multiple, original pitched tones of Harold Parrott's voice, accompanied by the sonorous voice of the one and only Leo Ignatieff. Thirty voices rose and fell as all looked forward to "Home Sweet Home". Intent on expressing exuberance and yet considerate of their fellow-passengers, the students gathered around the ship's piano to sing the carols Mr. Wickett had so thoroughly taught, and when the tune flattened occasionally all remembered that Class C is eighty per cent interior products. The vocal apparatus is not capable of so much at one time and these songbirds of colder climes sought other diversions. Mr. Fleming, Mr. Kennedy and Mr. White listened to a vivid description of a sailor's life, and could hardly be prevented from insulting and destroying a member of His Majesty's Service.

While Mr. Cail was still seeking for a fourth for bridge, a whistle blew and Vancouver produced friends and fellow-passengers, from U.B.C. As they settled down for a comfortable journey, one obliging person outlined in vivid detail a wreck of the previous day. This naturally added tremendously to the students' joyful anticipation of travelling home, especially Miss Stace-Smith, who is allergic to wrecks. Mr. Kennedy had difficulty in finding a comfortable seat, but eventually found one belonging to another. He decided upon a short rest, but conscience gnawed and many an innocent passer-by was accosted in a half apologetic but hopeful voice, "Is this your seat, sir?" Mr. Panton, having realized that the past week had been given to the scholastic, rather than the gymnastic side of life, began to pace to and fro, giving a flashing smile and a word encouragement here and a "boost" for Kelowna there. Mr. White followed Mr. Panton and occasionally the name, Natal, could be heard when Mr. Panton stopped for breath. Mr. Fleming's distinguishing laugh could be heard at the end of the car while June Wiggen and Noel Deans "knitted up the raveled sleeve of care." Princeton, the home of coal and more coal, beckoned to Anne McGuffie and Cynthia McKelvie and two of Class C's eighty per cent sleepily wished all a Merry Christmas. A few more jerks and Summerland, a thriving apple town and home of a world famous cow, flagged the train to welcome Miss Pearl White.

Drizzling rain poured from the sky and Kootenains no longer wondered why Okanagan students thrive on Victoria rains. As the socialized recitation came to a climax, the physical-social environment of Penticton students appeared on the landscape. Penticton, the cream of the Okanagan! (ask Miss Beasom) While the students viewed the unpainted buildings of Sam Wee's and Ling Ho's laundries, a brief resume of the city's unattractiveness was given by Mr. Panton, and was

enjoyed by all except Miss Beasom. Georgette Perron, Dorothy Apsey, Lucia Guidi, Betty Poole, Noel Deans, Jean Beasom, Eva McCormick and James Panton were all wished a "Merry Christmas" by the more fortunate Kootenains. It was still raining! Mr. White was about to say "Natal" but fell asleep exhausted because he had listened to such a detailed description of Kelowna all night.

Snow appeared and this time self expression was manifested on the subject of skiing in Trail and Nelson. Mr. Moore mentioned Cranbrook, followed by Miss Gummer, but Mr. Fleming and Miss Wagner were not to be outdone. A lunge, a jerk, a skid, and Clyde Kennedy roused himself to gladden the hearts of some relatives and to receive an enormous lunch, which he shared in true Kootenay style. Silence reigned while the mastication of food was in action.

Castlegar, the junction where Trail students leave the main line to return to the city boasting the largest smelter in the British Empire and the world's amateur hockey champions of 1939, and Ruby Nelson, Helen Wagner and Clyde Kennedy departed. The others almost broke down as Mr. Kennedy said farewell, but quickly recovered high spirits as Clyde presented Christmas Cheer in the form of his lunch. The lunch sans Kennedy was a cheerful outlook. Mr. White smilingly shook hands and managed a word for Natal, looking fearfully around for the ghost of Panton. The lunch was opened and a moan of disappointment issued from Betty Stace-Smith's lips as holly sprays, purchased or otherwise obtained from Victoria bushes, met her disappointed gaze. Holly being a part of "what they brought with them" it was speedily relayed to the owner.

Twinkling lights appeared. The students viewed that amazing feat of engineering and yet of incomparable beauty, Bonnington Falls, which supply electrical power to the Okanagan and Kootenay Districts, at the same time operating all four of Nelson's street cars. The lights continued and suddenly, as a star on the milky way, Nelson, the Queen City of the Kootenays, the Victoria of the Interior, unfolded itself to the admiring gaze of the students. Flashing neon lights of greeting, one of the four street cars, the roof of the Civic Centre, which has made sport history, could be seen. The weather was calm, modified by Kootenay Lake breezes. The Cranbrookites, Bill Moore, Myrtle Gummer, Bea Markle, Jean Rattray, Joyce Maidment, and the Crestonians, June Wiggen and Betty Stace-Smith, had four hours to view Nelson's beauty, and having said good-bye to Miss Latornell, Mr. Fleming and your correspondent, they entrained for the East Kootenay.

- Rosa Stewart.

SPORTS

GIRLS

Grass Hockey -

During the autumn months the girls had a number of fast and enjoyable games. Miss Lilian Le Cocq was appointed head of this department by the Athletic Association. As soon as the warm weather arrives practice will again be resumed.

Basketball -

In basketball, house leagues were formed for the purpose of teaching the rudiments of basketball to beginners. The turn-outs have been well and enthusiastically attended. Miss Hazel Smith was appointed in charge of basketball. Two school squads have been formed to play the surrounding schools and colleges in the near future.

We congratulate the Girls' Swimming Team which represented the Normal School at the Gala, October 20th, at the Crystal Gardens. This team, composed of the Misses Hazel Smith, Moireen Hilton, Noel Deans and Betty Poole, placed second in the girls' open relay race.

Swimming Club -

The Swimming Club was organized at the beginning of the school year, by those students who are ardent enthusiasts for this type of recreation.

Each Friday evening a group of Normal students can be seen enjoying a splash at the Crystal Gardens. Those who cannot swim are ably helped by Miss Hazel Smith and some of the more advanced swimmers.

As a social club, P.N.S.S.C. has done quite well. We have been entertained at various homes, and one Friday evening some moving pictures of Normal School life were enjoyed by about twenty-five members of the Club. The Y.M.C.A.S.C., directed by Archie McKinnon, gave us a very instructive evening November.

Men's Basketball -

With the Ahtletic Society's representative, Clyde Kennedy, at the helm, this favorite winter activity of thousands in our province has been leading a very healthy life among ye men of P.N.S. The hoop game has seen much activity, what with a senior team, a school league, and a basketball school keeping the gymnasium busy during all the men's periods.

The senior team, under the guidance of Harold 'Blue Pants' Parrott and Jim Panton, has been nobly upholding the honour of the old School in the annual series with Victoria College, having been victorious in three out of four games played to date. As a matter of fact, your favorite (may we hope) casaba-tossers ended 1939 with an undefeated record; the lone loss came after, and as a result of, the Christmas holidays. At least, we blame the holidays, but there is a strong suspicion that Ben Moore's famous moustache had more than a little to do with the team falling-down. The boys were so fraught with jealousy over that beautiful adornment! Scores in the first three games were: 19-18, 15-7, and 21-11. The disaster of January, 1940, went 11-7 for the College. Mike White and Ben Moore have been the Normal's leading scorers. The team has been receiving fine support from the fans and we hope it will continue to do so.

An Intramural League has been formed among the men and games are played once a week. Teams are captained by Ben Moore (in top position at the moment), Mike White, Ernie Hatch, and Edward Tait. Scores are not available for these games, but all have been close and many fierce battles have been fought. If you like blood and thunder mixed in with your sport, you should witness some of these games; they take the cake.

A basketball school - a new idea at the Normal School, we understand--has been organized by Clyde Kennedy and classes are held each Monday and Friday during the noon hour. There has been a surprising turn-out, with many newcomers trying their hands in great earnest. Many of the boys seem to feel that, as basketball is such a popular winter pastime in B.C., it would be to their advantage to have a knowledge of the game before they land at Poppleham Creek next Autumn. We applaud their efforts and let it be said that Prof. Kennedy reports there will be many honour graduates among the 'students'.

All activities in this section will continue to run for the next couple of months. The Normal team has several more battles lined up with the College in completion of the series and an attempt is being made to line up other games in order to provide a little variety for you fans. As we go to press, we say: Support Basketball - it is a grand game!

- Edward Tait.

Badminton -

Due to the fact that there was an increase in the student body this year, the Badminton Club has had a very successful season. The Club was allowed the use of the gymnasium Wednesday noon, and the gymnasium and ping-pong room, Friday afternoon. The ping-pong room was re-lined for badminton and a new net was bought. The total number of players was 32. An American tournament was started, but with an increase in other school activities, many found it difficult to participate, and the tournament was discontinued. No outside tournaments were held.

- Miss B. Markle
Mr. L. Phillips

Ping Pong -

During the past five months, the Table Tennis room has been the scene of a great deal of activity; all five tables have been in constant use during the lunch hours and after class hours. Ernest Hatch took charge of the sport on behalf of the Athletic Society and a new departure was embarked upon when the School purchased four good bats on Ernest's recommendation that such a move would promote more activity in the celluloid circles. As we noted heretofore, said activity has indeed shown itself; in previous years, all players have had to bring their own bats. The School bats have been in such demand that it is reputed that Mr. Hatch's locks were seriously contemplating turning to silver when, upon that worthy's return to Normal after the Christmas holidays, he discovered that the precious bats were nowhere to be seen. As Ernest was responsible for said weapons, he had fearful visions of being called to account re their loss. However, they were found in Miss Bescoby's care and all was well.

In a 'Play-each-other-once' tournament, held to discover what talent we possessed, the following showed to best advantage: in the women's division, there were Peggy Archer, Georgette Perron, and Mary Sibley, while among the men, it was more or less of a mad scramble with Edwin Ostberg outshining the rest.

All in all, the enthusiasts of the galloping white sphere are enjoying themselves extremely; Ping Pong is the most popular sport in the School and it really is surprisingly good exercise. It is rumored that Mr. Hatch has another tournament on the way and we imagine it will be every bit as successful as the first one, judging from the enthusiasm displayed to date. We'll be seeing you across the net.

- Edward Tait.

The First Skating of the Year -

With a joyous swoop you sail onto the ice. Filled with confidence, with the sheer joy of movement, you swing along in your gay, carefree skill of a year ago. But, alas, what can the matter be? Why do you wobble, look disconcerted, swallow twice, and make a beeline for the side of the rink? Why do you mutter, in surprise, "the darn stuff is slippery" - "I forgot to see if my skates were sharp" or "I wonder if I should lace them tighter?" Then you straighten your shoulders, stick out your chest and resume your skating with a devil-may-care attitude. You manage to get around once and are so proud. You adopt a masterful air, have that smooth gliding sensation and -- quicken your stride. But you have forgotten the ice is new and rough-- you hit a bump. All the world rushes up to meet you, again a wonderful sensation of flying, accompanied this time by a sinking feeling. With a ghastly thud you collapse on that bump!

- Betty Walton.

-------ooOoo-------

Before the first term passes on with the inevitable march of Time, it seems only fitting that we review its athletic side.

The Society has directed the organization of various athletic activities in which participation has been very enthusiastic. The various sports are dealt with on other pages of the Anecho.

In the social sphere, our picnic, held in September, proved a grand success. A fine afternoon and evening were spent at Willows Beach. May we suggest a few more "hot dogs" for next year.

The efforts of the Society were rewarded with a very successful Literary program, when our turn came to participate. Leo Ignatieff achieved immortality with his impersonation of a swimmer of yester year.

Now the epilogue has been written, may we say good-bye to this side of P.N.S. life, and wish every success to the new executive.

P.N.S. our hats are off to you. May the show go on, always with something new.

A school boy once remarked very wisely with an intelligence beyond his years, that "When a man is wrapped up in himself, he makes a very small parcel."

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O NOBLE WARRIORS

By Tolmie's lofty mountain,
  On this-side Pacific's wave,
On a hill in the district of Saanich,
  There stands a concrete pile.
And no man leaves that sepulchre
  Until he is able to tell
The children of British Columbia
  How to read and write and spell.

That is the hardest task
  That was ever attempted on earth!
But no man hears the groans,
  Or sees the lights shine forth
Of those brave souls who work
  (To get their Science unit done)
Till the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
  Grows into the great sun.

But when the morning cometh,
  Those comrades-in-the-fray,
With books piled high and heads stuffed full
  Go forth to another day.
They parade the Thomas learned,
  They tell the rules they know;
And after that, with feet of lead,
  To the Arithmetic Class they go.

These are the truest warriors
  That ever buckled sword;
These the most noble martyrs
  That ever breathed a word.
For little, I wot, does the citizen meek
  Know of the struggle they have come through,
By the time they arrive at Poppleham Creek,
  To begin the strife anew.

Oh lonely building on government land!
  On bold Mount Tolmie's hill; -
Speak to these foolish hearts of ours
  And teach them to be still.
Teach them that all education
  Comes not from things called books;
For most of it comes from Nature,
  Which no good teacher overlooks

(With apologies to Mrs. C.F. Alexander) - Robert E. Cail.